

Life and Love.
 Ah, Love! thou art the azure sky,
 And Life a summer cloud,
 Which blends with these in raptures,
 Within thy light bowd.
 And Life is like the ripples
 Which spread across the lake;
 Love is the depth beneath them
 Over which the ripples break.
 Love is one long mellow breeze
 On which life's life doth float—
 Love—ah, yes, it is the oat,
 And Life, it is the boat.
 —Boston Transcript.

IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Mattie! Mattie! did you take that huckleberry pie out of the oven?"
 "Yes, Aunt Ann."
 "And the cup custards—you didn't forget the cup custards?"
 "They're all right, Aunt Ann."
 "Mattie!" in an accent one degree shriller than usual.
 "Yes! What is it?"
 "There's a tramp coming up the back garden path. Send him about his business."
 "Yes, Aunt Ann."
 Mattie Vernor went valiantly to the back door, prepared to do battle, glancing the way that as she did so, to make sure that there was plenty of boiling water on the stove, and that the broom was handy, in case of need.
 "Well," said Mattie to herself, eyeing the mass of rags on the doorstep, "you are a tramp. Nobody could possibly mistake you for anything else. What do you want?" she asked aloud.
 "Could you spare me an old shirt, young lady? or a suit of clothes? I'm in great need."
 "That's what you all say!" crisply interrupted Mattie. "I'm sure I don't know where you get all your rags and tatters from. You're just from an hospital, I suppose. That's the next chapter."
 But even as she spoke her womanly heart melted within her at the sight of the tired, pale face, the wretched garb.
 "No," said she, with a sigh, "I'm not from the hospital."
 He was turning away, when she recalled him.
 "Wait a minute," said she. "I'll go see what I can find."
 Bolting the door unceremoniously in his face, she went to a store-room opening out of the unused best parlor.
 "I don't care!" said Mattie, arguing with herself with a certain fierce impatience. "Uncle Job's things have lain here, of no use to anybody, since he died. That poor fellow may as well have them, I suppose."
 She came back presently with a compact little bundle under her arm.
 "There," said she, flinging it out of the window, "take it and be gone! For," she added to herself, "if Aunt Ann should find out I'd been giving away any of Uncle Job's old traps—Why, goodness me! he's eaten up the huckleberry pie and the three cup custards that I left to cool on the battery window-lodge! Here, give me back those clothes! You shan't have so much as a rag! You don't deserve them!"
 She had unbolted the door as she spoke, and, with a quick light movement, caught up the bundle before the stranger could possess himself of it.
 "I'm very sorry," he said, penitently, "but I was desperately hungry and I didn't stop to consider."
 "Didn't stop to consider?" indignantly repeated Mattie. "No, I should think not. You are a thief! Do you hear that? Not only a vagabond, but a thief! And I should think a great able-bodied scamp like you would be ashamed to go begging and stealing around the country. There!"
 Thus terminating her lecture with a very expressive outburst, Mattie once more shut the door in the poor, tired face, and resumed her occupation of ironing out Aunt Ann's Sunday lace cap.
 "Mattie! Mattie!" called out the old woman from above stairs, where she was turning over the contents of a big cedarwood chest.
 "Yes, Aunt Ann!"
 "Did you send the fellow packing?"
 "Yes, I did."
 "That's right—that's right!" chuckled Aunt Ann. "These strolling beggars are getting to be a perfect nuisance hereabouts."
 But as Mattie fluted the borders of lace with a quick, efficient hand, thinking the while what she should do to replace the missing pie in time for Aunt Ann's dinner, a softer mood came over her.
 "Poor wretch!" she murmured to herself. "Perhaps he was hungry. He certainly did look pale and tired, and his rags were dreadful. I wish I hadn't snatched those clothes back. It wasn't real nice and ladylike of me, now I come to think of it. I wish—"
 All of a sudden, Mattie Vernor made up her mind as she hung Aunt Ann's lace cap on the nail by the window. She set her rosy lips together; her eyes glistened with determination.
 Down through the golden gleam of the ripening rye field went a little curving path close to the stone wall, crossing the brook on a narrow plank, and often losing itself in a wooded cove, joined the main road close to a peaceful, willow-shaded graveyard.
 Here ten minutes afterward, Mattie Vernor came upon the tired tramp sitting on the stone wall.
 "Oh, here you are!" said she. "I thought I should overtake you if I took the short-cut. I've brought you a tin of coffee and some sandwiches and a piece of home-baked gingerbread. I'm sorry I spoke so cross to you; but you see, I was vexed to see the dinner pie gone, and the cup cus-

ards, too. And here are the clothes. I'm afraid you need them very much."
 "Thank you," said the man, dejectedly. "You see, I haven't always—"
 "Oh, never mind all that," interrupted Mattie, imperiously. "I know about having seen better days, and that sort of thing. But you really ought to be a little more particular about the truth."
 Unconsciously Mattie had fallen into the air that she adopted when she was haranguing her Sunday-school class. Her bright eyes sparkled; she emphasized each point by tapping her foot on the ground and lifting her bony-shouldered forefinger in the air.
 "Yes, but—"
 "You should go to work," said the girl. "You can't expect always to tramp about the country. It will end, sooner or later, in the county jail, and you are too smart-looking a man to bring up like that."
 The man, eating his bread and meat and drinking his coffee, listened meekly until she stopped for sheer lack of breath.
 "Yes," said he, with a sigh. "But, you see, I'm not a tramp. Oh, I know appearances are against me!" as Mattie's glance reverted to his wretched tatters; "but I really am not a tramp. You see—"
 The sound of approaching wagon wheels startled the girl.
 "Oh, I dare say!" said she. "But I really can't stay any longer talking. I must get back. Here's a quarter for you. Mind you don't spend it for beer."
 And flinging the coin towards him—it missed its aim and rolled to the foot of old Deacon Jobley's gravestone, whence the man rescued it with prompt dispatch—she vanished back into the wood-path and was seen no more.
 Half an hour later, Squire Somerset, examining a pile of law papers in his office, was startled by the sudden appearance of a tall figure in his doorway.
 "Nothing for you, my man—go along!" said he curtly, without looking up.
 "That's always the way!" sighed a resigned voice. "It's 'Move on!' wherever I go. But I've 'moved on' just about far enough, old man!"
 And he perched himself composedly on the office desk.
 The squire stared.
 "The voice," said he, "is the voice of Frank Atherton, and the countenance also beareth witness thereto! But the faded corduroy and the velvet coat are the coat and corduroy of old Job Vernor, who died two years ago. Old fellow!" (clapping him cordially by both hands) "you're welcome! Where on earth did you drop from? For—not to disguise the truth—I honestly did take you for a tramp!"
 "I meant to give you a surprise," said Mr. Atherton, still in the same accent of melancholy composure. "And I've every reason to think that I have succeeded. I left Wyndale to walk into Glen's Falls, and a mile or so below here the river meandering through the woods looked so enticing that I ventured on a bath, just at sunrise. Unfortunately, however, I was not the earliest bird going. Some deep-dyed villain, while I was disporting myself in the lucid element, stole my clothes leaving a mass of dirty rags behind. Then I was a tramp in spite of myself, and such a lecture I got from a pretty maiden at a farmhouse on the road! However, she gave me something to eat, between her pieces of advice, also this wardrobe, and when the express delivers my trunk, I shall be all right—Richard will be himself again!"
 "She gave you those clothes?"
 "She did."
 "Then," said Squire Somerset, slapping the table until the legal documents flew in all directions over the floor—"you've been lectured by Mattie Vernor, the prettiest girl in town—old Job's niece, and the owner of a pair of superb black eyes and the best farm in Warren County!"
 "Yes," mournfully accented Atherton.
 "She told me that I ought to go to work, and then threatened me with the county jail, and finally—bless her dear little heart!—ended up by giving me this!"
 He produced from the pocket of Uncle Job Vernor's trousers a silver quarter.
 The squire grinned broadly.
 "Here comes the express delivery now with your box," said he. "And a good thing for you, Atherton, for my wife is going to have a tennis party here this afternoon, and Mattie Vernor is the champion player. You can handle a racquet, can't you, old man?"
 "Rather," said Mr. Atherton.
 Mattie Vernor came to the tennis party in pale pink albatross cloth, cut after a semi-masculine fashion that was eminently calculated to drive any one mad.
 But when Mrs. Somerset presented her to Mr. Atherton from New York, she changed color and started a little.
 "Yes," said Mr. Atherton, in his gentle, mournful way, "you're right. It's the same person. Huckleberry pie, you know—cup custards."
 "But—" hesitated Mattie, in a bewildered manner.
 "You see, you wouldn't allow me to explain," reasoned he. "You were determined I should be a tramp. I couldn't get any innings then, but now's my time. Please may I make an unprejudiced statement?"
 Mattie listened to his explanation, coloring like a rose.
 She would like to have run away, but she had not sufficient moral courage to do so.
 "And I go you Uncle Job's old clothes," said she wringing her hands in despair.
 "You never can know how acceptable they were," avowed Atherton.

"And some bread-and-beef sandwiches!"
 "Ambrosia and nectar couldn't have tasted better. And the cup-custards—don't forget the cup-custards and the huckleberry-pie. I was so indescribably hungry, Miss Vernor."
 "And the quarter of a dollar—my last quarter! You'll give me back that quarter, Mr. Atherton?" said Mattie, with a spice of her old mischievousness.
 "Never!" said Atherton. "I'll part with that silver coin only with my life."
 Mattie dropped her head.
 "How did I lecture you!" said she.
 "How insolent I must have appeared!"
 "Not in the least," said Atherton. "Your advice was exactly suited to the occasion, if only I had been a tramp. But I wasn't!"
 "We are waiting to play, Mattie!" cried Mrs. Somerset.
 "Come on, Atherton!" bawled his host. "Do you mean to keep us waiting all day?"
 "Please," whispered Mattie, catching up her racquet, "will you forgive me?"
 "A thousand times over!" Atherton answered.
 "George," said Mrs. Somerset that night, when Mattie Vernor was gone and Atherton had bidden them good night, "our guest and dear little Mattie seemed very much taken with each other. He's rich, and ought to have a wife, and Mattie is such a darling! Only suppose they should fall in love!"
 "I wonder," said Mr. Somerset, solemnly, "if the woman ever was born who wasn't a thorough-going matchmaker." —[Saturday Night.]

Gunning for Butterflies.
 All, no doubt, are familiar with the usual methods and paraphernalia wherewith butterflies are now captured and preserved; the man with the gnat net, poison bottle, cork-lined box, folded paper envelopes, wire pins and sundries ad libitum, long ago ceased to be a curiosity in civilized lands.
 But there are some unusual methods and implements, a description of which will be likely to prove of interest.
 Prominent among them is gunning for butterflies, an expedient that is most useful where trogetic vegetation induces high flight, and renders by means of its density all chance of pursuit impossible. For this a small bore gun or rifle is best, and dust shot such as is used by humming-bird hunters on the Amazon, or a water load is best. Any shot coarser than dust-shot will prove too heavy and will ruin the specimen for sale by tearing the wings. A gun that will scatter the dust widely should be selected, and even then a few shot bunched may tear off a head or an abdomen and ruin the prize.
 My own preference is for a rifle firing a 32-calibre, long cartridge, loaded with water. These cartridges can be obtained with an extra heavy charge of powder and without the ball in them.
 Before loading they should be smeared inside with melted paraffin applied with a camel's hair brush; this prevents the water load from moistening the powder. But even with this precaution it is best to load only so many shells as are likely to be used during the day, and the water should be emptied from those that are left over at night.
 After filling the shell with water up to within a thirty-second of an inch from the rim, a tight-fitting, oiled wad can be forced down and a light coat of paraffin be applied on top with the brush. I have tried water thickened with starch, with gum arabic, and with gum tragacanth, but I have never been able to see that anything has been gained by thus rendering the charge somewhat more self-adherent. The water load is much more sure to bring your prize "to grass," and is not nearly so liable to tear and denude the wings. The dust-shot will often cause a large specimen to deflect its course, and by unmistakable signs show that it has been hit, yet will not bring it down.—[Goldthwait's Geographical Magazine.]

What is a Wife?
 The pretty school teacher, for a little diversion, had asked her class for the best original definition of "wife," and the boy in the corner had promptly responded, "a rib."
 She looked at him reproachfully, and nodded to the boy with dreamy eyes, who seemed anxious to say something.
 "Man's guiding star and guardian angel," he said in response to the nod.
 "A helpmeet," put in a little flaxen-haired girl.
 "One who soothes man in adversity," suggested a demure little girl.
 "And spends his money when he's flush," added the incorrigible boy in the corner.
 There was a lull, and the pretty, dark-eyed girl said slowly:
 "A wife is the envy of spinsters."
 "One who makes a man hustle," was the next suggestion.
 "And keeps him from making a fool of himself," put in another girl.
 "Some one for a man to find fault with when things go wrong," said a sorrowful little maiden.
 "Stop right there," said the pretty school teacher. "That's the best definition."
 Later the sorrowful little maiden sidled up to her and asked:
 "Aren't you going to marry that handsome man who calls for you nearly every day?"
 "Yes, dear," she replied, "but with us nothing will ever go wrong. He says so himself." —[Pioneer Press.]

Death Valley in California is the hottest region on earth.

ORIENTAL SHOPS.

Curious Pictures of Life in the Bazaars of Cairo.

A Confusion of Articles Useful and Ornamental.
 The appearance of Oriental shops is well known. A square cavity hollowed out of a wall two feet above the ground, that is a shop at Cairo. Strictly speaking, it is nothing more than a large rectangular niche opening on to the street, with no way out either at the back or the sides, in which, instead of a statue, is a merchant squatting amongst his wares, or a workman at his task. These shops, instead of being scattered about in different streets, as in Europe, are all together at certain corners; and when the corners are roofed in, they become a bazaar. For there is not at Cairo a special structure for protecting these shops, as there is at Constantinople or at Tunis.
 All these shops make curious pictures. There behind a mass of pots and pans, dishes and plates of red and yellow copper—some black and rusty with age, others spick and span with newness, with here and there gleams of the red or straw-colored gold so dear to painters of still-life subjects—an Arab is busy at repousse-work, his hammering making a deafening noise which is heard afar off. Egyptian metal work is very fine, with a dignity all its own, and the common ever in use amongst the poorest is of really extraordinary beauty of style.
 Further on we come to a collection of red, black, or gray earthen-ware; cheap stoves, pipes, and vases, engraved with ornaments in tagello, painted blue or red. This common Egyptian pottery disdained, I know not why, by dealers in Oriental ware, is extremely interesting. Its shape is often grand, and the forms found in Egyptian tombs have been preserved.
 Next, gleaming like a border of jonquils and poppies with its masses of red and yellow, is a shoe-shop, a regular flower bed for color. And in the midst of a confusion of Turkish slippers in scarlet or saffron leather crunches the cobbler stitching away or drilling holes with his awl.
 The bazaar, par excellence, is broken up in an extraordinary manner. Fancy an alley so short that it is barely two hundred paces long; so twisted that you can only see a scrap of it at a time; so narrow that the houses seem to be scowling at and ready to fall upon their opposite neighbors; and beneath the dull-hued lean-to walls, in every nook and corner, are shops full of dazzling objects; many-colored Oriental stuffs, figured brocades, dainty Arab jewelry, gleaming daggers and sabres, ancient damascened helmets, silver wine bottles, spread out or piled up for sale. And amidst this confusion of stuffs, weapons, and jewels in glass cases, or of unfolded silks, is the merchant, squatting in the shadow and smoking with absolute indifference, his dreamy eyes gazing forth in a kind of ecstasy of melancholy, whilst before him, in the transparent bowl of his narghileh, at each breath he draws, floats a regular flotilla of rose leaves, dancing, whirling round, and suffering shipwreck amongst the big bubbles on the surface. These shrewd old merchants really look like poets lost in the third heaven of blissful contemplation.
 Immediately after sunset the life and motion of Cairo cease, and it is a rare thing to meet a native returning home on a dark night with a white paper lantern in his hand, or to see an Arab cack still lit up, and with the candles hung up round the door, making a brightness in the deserted street. —[Harper's Bazar.]

Valuable Moss.
 The valuable moss of Florida, says Harry Bonford, abounds in the hammocks and black lands. It is gathered chiefly by colored men. In its natural state it hangs in festoons from the trees in strands from one to five feet in length. The moss is gathered by pulling it from the trees with long poles, or by cutting the trees down and then removing it. The moss is buried in the earth for about a month, after which it is dug up and is dried and shaken and sold to the local moss dealers for \$1 per hundred pounds. It is then run through a machine called a gin, which is nothing more than a cylinder covered with three-inch spikes revolving between a roll of similar stationary spikes. The action of these spikes is to knock out some of the dirt and trash, but it does not complete the job. It is then shaken over a rack formed of parallel bars, after which it is pressed into bales of about 200 pounds each. Some of the moss works do all this work by hand, except the ginning. The moss, after having gone through the above process, brings from \$2.50 to \$3 per hundred pounds.
 If, instead of allowing it to remain in the earth for one month, it is left there for three months, the entire weight of moss is pulled off and there remains a beautiful black fiber almost exactly like hair. The hair moss brings from \$5 to \$7 per hundred pounds.
 Mr. Bonford suggests the treatment of this moss as a good field for invention. He thinks a machine could be made which would take off the bark, leaving the fiber, without the necessity of burying the moss for so long a time in the earth. —[Scientific American.]

Tools Used in the Pyramids.
 During a residence of two years in a tomb at Gizeh Wilhelm M. Flinders Petrie collected evidence showing that

the tools used in working stone 4000 years ago were made with the jeweled cutting edges, as in the modern custom. He has stated his reasons for coming to these conclusions, and proves in a very satisfactory manner that the pyramid builders used solid and tubular drills, straight and circular saws and many other supposed modern tools in erecting that greatest of buildings. He also shows that their lath tools were set with jewels, and that they did work with them that would puzzle the modern artisan. In one place he found where the lines of cutting on a granite core made by a tubular drill form a uniform depth throughout, showing that the cutting point was not worn as the work advanced.
 The regular taper of the core would also go to prove that the drill was set with jewels on the inside and on the outside alike, thereby facilitating its removal. In some specimens of granite he found that the drill had sunk one-tenth of an inch at each revolution, the pressure necessary to accomplish this have been at least two tons. The capacity of the tools and the skill of the workmen are illustrated by the clean cut they made through soft and hard materials alike, there being no difference in the width of the groove when it passes through soft sandstone and granite hard as iron. Nothing is known concerning the material of which their tools were made nor how the jewels were set. The diamond was very scarce at that time, therefore the only logical conclusion is that they used corundum. —[Chicago Times.]

Higher Council of Labor.
 A British consular report gives an account of the new "Higher Council of Labor" which has come into existence in Belgium. The object of the new body is to form a permanent centre for the local councils of industry and labor, and to act as the intermediary between them and the Government; it will also advise the authorities in regard to labor legislation and labor questions generally. It is composed of 48 members, 16 representing employers and 16 workmen, while the remaining 16 are selected for special knowledge of economic questions, all being, in the first instance, nominated by the Crown. They are appointed for four years, after which time it is hoped that the organization of the local labor councils will have improved so as to be capable of electing the representatives of the employers and workmen. The members during sessions are to receive \$1.20 a day and traveling expenses. The first subjects for discussion are the application of the law of 1889, regulating the work of women and children, apprenticeships, technical education, insurance against accidents, etc. The names of the first members have been published by royal decree, but it appears that the Socialists among the workmen are not satisfied because they think that the clerical element is unduly represented. Another Socialist has resigned because his party, which is in a majority in the local, is in a minority in the higher councils. Further trouble from this source is inevitable.

Restoring Breath in Desperate Cases.
 Anybody may be called upon to afford assistance to drowned persons while the doctor is being sent for, and Professor Laborde's simple method for restoring breath when all other means have failed deserves to be universally known.
 The other day at a watering place in Normandy two bathers, a young man and a boy, who were unable to swim, went out of their depth and disappeared. They were brought on shore insensate and were taken to the village. Two doctors were sent for, but the young men gave no sign of life, and they were declared dead.
 M. Laborde, who was fishing at half an hour's distance, came up as soon as he heard of the accident. He examined the body and found that the extremities were cold and the heart had stopped. Then taking hold of the root of the tongue he drew it violently forward, giving it a succession of jerks in order to excite the reflex action of the breathing apparatus, which is always extremely sensitive, says the London News. At the end of a few minutes a slight hiccough showed that the patient was saved. In addition to the usual restorative means, Professor Laborde in extreme cases rubs the chest with towels soaked in nearly boiling water.

Some Spanish Practices.
 The Spanish shepherds practiced marking their lambs by branding the nose with a hot iron.
 Shearing time came in May. One hundred and fifty men were employed to shear 1000 sheep; each man was expected to shear eight per day; but if rains, only five. The sheep stood on their feet while being sheared. For a time after shearing they were carefully housed from storms and the chilling air of the high. The flocks were not permitted to eat the grass while the dew was on it, nor were they suffered to drink out of brook or of standing water wherein hail had fallen, experience having taught them that on such occasions they are in danger of losing them all. —[American Farmer.]

The Father Improving.
 Mother—Have you heard how Mr. Spanker is this morning?
 Small Son—Oh, he's all right. He's getting well fast."
 "Who told you?"
 "No one."
 "Then how do you know?"
 "His little boys has begun to hear when their mother calls." —[Good News.]

A FEATHERY CROP.

Plucking of Ostriches in a Farm in California.

Stripping Valuable Plumage from the Big Birds.
 The invitation of "Biddy, Biddy, come scattered over the brown sand at the Coronado ostrich farm one afternoon, brought the eleven full grown birds into a feathery mass before E. P. Waters and his colored assistant. A group of curious people banked the low railing along the west reserve of the grounds. It was the second plucking this season, but of a generally fresh lot of birds from the American Ostrich Company's parent farm at Fairbrook, as intervals of eight months must separate the pluckings. Superintendent Waters was in his shirt sleeves, and a limp flour sack dangled from his rear left pocket. It required some time to contract the suspicion that would flare up in a fringe of shabby necks, until the reassuring voice of the feeder caused them to drop in security to the temptation in the sand.
 Suddenly there was a wild stampede, and the neck of a gray female that Waters had bent to seize was hooded in the sack, an opening for breathing admitting several inches of her bill. Between the men this strangely subdued creature was guided into an open-end stall. Apparently, the ostrich, with its fore-and-aft eye sweep, feels its helplessness when blinded. There was no resistance, as the powerful pronged tool could not get a back hit at the plucker. The assistant stood behind as guard, while Waters pulled, snapped and answered questions from the inquisitors.
 They learned that in each wing, over the protectors or floss feathers, there grow to maturity in eight months twenty-six long, white plumes. In the black male these are pure white, but the female adds slight shadings of ecru or gray. The sweep of short feathers above this splendid fan of white is plucked for tips, and each wing furnishes seventy-five of these. The tail feathers are toned into a deep old ivory, and sixty-five of these are of commercial use. Scissors were used only to clip the long white plumes, as this must be done a month or more before maturity to prevent the ends being whipped out. The quills are then pulled when ripe. Nearly 300 feathers were secured from Biddy, which will have a market value of \$65 after being curled and dressed.
 The female averages seventy eggs in a year, and nowadays these are all incubated at Fairbrook, where alfalfa pastures await the young ones. Green feed at Coronado for the eleven cents, on a daily average, sixty cents. None of these birds are over three years of age, and all are native sons and daughters. The youngest male, a splendid, curly-coated fellow, is but sixteen months old, and this second plucking in his experience was certainly anticipated. He fought, kicked and crouched through the process, but Mr. Ward secured from him the finest plumes of the pick. A second female was denuded, and the remainder were left unmolested for a third plucking soon. —[San Diego (Cal.) Sun.]

How to Go to Sleep.
 Scientific investigators assert that in beginning to sleep the senses do not wakened fall into slumber, but drop off one after another. The sight ceases in consequence of the protection of the eyelids to receive impressions first, while all the other senses preserve their sensibility entire. The sense of taste is the next which loses its susceptibility to impression, and then the sense of smelling. The hearing is next in order, and last of all comes the sense of touch. Furthermore, the senses are brought to sleep with different degrees of profundity. The sense of touch sleeps the most lightly and is the most easily awakened; the next is the sight and the taste and the smelling awake last. Another remarkable circumstance deserves notice; certain muscles and parts of the body begin to sleep before others. Sleep commences at the extremities, beginning with the feet and legs and creeping toward the center of the nervous action. The necessity of keeping the feet warm and perfectly still as a preliminary of sleep is well known. From these explanations it will not appear surprising that there should be an imperfect kind of mental action which produces the phenomena of dreaming. —[American Analyst.]

Cheaper Than a Tallow Dip.
 A fish dealer in the California market had on his slab the other day two specimens of fish not frequently seen in our markets, but plenty from Vancouver Island, northward, says the San Francisco Bulletin. In plain commercial language it is known as the candle fish. Technically the name is *Taleichthys Pacificus*.
 The specimen shown measured a foot in length, and has somewhat the appearance of an eel, except the head, which is pointed and conical. It has a large mouth.
 The Indians of Vancouver Island and vicinity use the fish both for food and light. It is the fattest of all fishes. When the Indians want a light they put a wick through a fish and burn it as if it were a tallow dip.

The first society for the exclusive purpose of circulating the Bible was organized in 1805, under the name of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

FLAUNTING FEATHERS.
 Ostrich feathers, almost every species of bird and of birds' wings, are the trimmings par excellence—ostrich plumes distancing the smaller tips in popularity. As a result the disposition of hat trimmings is somewhat lower than heretofore and they are spread more evenly over the crown with a tendency to mass near the front. The fore and aft structure is a thing of the past, likewise the isolated loop of ribbon rising to an extreme altitude in some particular spots. The use of peacock feathers and a duplication of their colors in manufactured wings, aigrettes, etc., is very noticeable in trimmings. —[New York Sun.]

VELVETS WORN WITH COMFORT.
 It is not everyone who likes the present fashion of wearing the veil under the hat. It is apt to press the hair down upon the forehead so very tightly that the effect is anything but pretty. For those who wish to avoid this and yet cannot afford to go without a veil even if they wear a big hat, because their hair so soon gets blown about, is recommended a veil cut on the cross. Of course, it can only be made out of wide tulle or net, and it cuts rather to waste; but that is far preferable to wearing a veil which continually slips over the brim of your hat and leaves a big and most unbecoming ventilation hole somewhere about your forehead and eyes. —[New York World.]

VELVET A SUBSTITUTE FOR FURS.
 On account of the scarcity of seal skins, it is predicted that during the coming winter, velvet cloaks heavily trimmed with rich passementeries, are to be revived for handsome garments. Mink—after one or two seasons' experiments—has been unable to take its old rank as a fashionable fur, and Sable of the Russian variety is out of the question for everybody except the "protectionists" and their friends, the millionaires. So common folk, who want something nice at a moderate price, must look around and do the best they can. Well, it must be admitted that a pretty black velvet cloak is not a bad thing. It is monstrously becoming, and handsomely lined and quilted is mighty comfortable winter. Think of it, my sisters. Over in London an excellent seal-skin coat may be bought for \$75, here in New York, we have to pay at least \$200 more for a garment of equally good quality. —[New York News.]

BEAUTIFUL LACES.
 This year beautiful laces are being imported in bell-shaped skirts for wedding and ball gowns. For a bride nothing could well be lovelier than the exquisite point applique training skirts and the price is only \$160. The bell skirts come also in dainty Chantilly lace. Of course, the veils come to match. A great deal of lace is to be used this year, and real laces are in unusual demand, being used for the most part in narrow widths. Black thread lace and black Chantilly are to be much in vogue as well as the heavier laces. Among the new laces is the "Pointe de Paris guipure," a silk and cotton lace that comes in ecru and white. It is made of fine silk corks on a cotton mesh. Irish lace with net top is dainty for evening dresses. These come as insertings as well as for finicings. Black Milanese lace for finicings has a curious square mesh and is very effective. Black Spanish, hand-run scarfs are being introduced once more and are being sold in large numbers. —[Washington Star.]

FASHION NOTES.
 Red flowers now appear on hats and bonnets.
 With cooler weather comes back the standing collar, and, too, "just a shade higher."
 Dealers say sealskin will soon be so expensive that "only the richest ladies will be able to wear that fur."
 Those who have seen the new artificial flowers for the water season declare they look as if "just plucked from the garden."
 The Eton jacket is rapidly losing its identity in that of the Bolero. These little sleeveless jackets made up in velvet will be greatly worn.
 If you wish to show off your rare pieces of China to the best advantage, put them in a cabinet made simply of shelve lined and backed with white velvet satin.
 The very latest Parisian combination is dark-blue and emerald-green. A dark-blue crepon is trimmed with dark-green velvet, or a dark-blue silk may have sleeves, collar and skirt ruffling of green velvet.
 A favorite decoration for each side of the closing of a black or dark blue cloth coat consists of loops and ends of broad, black braid so carefully sewed on the material that they look as if they were woven on the stuff.
 Frilled skirts are threatening the fashionable woman. The insidious little ruffles have crept to the knee. It is to be hoped their encroachments will be checked there, as nothing is so distressing as a gown frilled to the waist.
 Fine light wool costumes for journeymen were made with bell skirt and low peasant waist of goods, plain, striped or checked, that reaches just under the arms. Above this is a waist of wash silk, which is always cool and comfortable.
 New nun's waists are made with the plaited backs and surplice fronts of the nun's robe, the little V at the neck filled in with gray chiffon, embroidered with white, the sleeves gathered like a bishop's sleeve to a little band of silk stitched with white and edged with a full frill of chiffon.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The length of a day on Mars is 24 hours and 37 minutes.
 A Vienna omnibus company employs incandescent electric lamps upon its vehicles.
 Iron expands with heat, and the Eiffel Tower is said to be eight inches higher in hot than in cold weather.
 Electric welding has now become almost universal in large establishments. The use of the flux is unnecessary.
 Electricity is used for making forgings, angles, railroad spikes, ball bearings, and other articles hitherto made by hand.
 There is a tree in Jamaica known as the life tree on account of its leaves growing even after being severed from the plant; only by fire can it be entirely destroyed.
 An observatory of a fire and lightning proof quality of construction has been designed and section built so as to be easily carried to the top of Mount Blanc, Switzerland, where it will be permanently located.
 A French manufacturer makes minute electric lamps about the size of a pea for the use of photographers in the dark room. They are intended to be mounted in the middle of a pair of spectacles or on the frame without the glasses, the lamp being shielded by a reflector. The battery is made up of accumulator cells.
 The properties possessed by the metal glinium, about which comparatively little is yet known, appear to render it valuable for the construction of electrical instruments. It is said to be lighter than aluminum, stronger than iron, and of better conductivity than copper, besides resisting oxidation, while its cost is estimated at \$1 an ounce.
 M. Adam Paulsen, of the Royal Danish Academy, has been conducting a series of experiments to measure the heights of the aurora borealis. At Godthaab the approximate height was from 1 to 4 miles, at Cape Farwell from 1 to 10 miles, at Spitzberg from one-third of a mile to 18 miles. The measurements were made with theodolites.
 Hiram Maxim says in relation to the rapidity with which single barreled machine guns can be fired, that if the gun and cartridge were made expressly for producing the highest possible rate of fire, and if the recoil energy and the escaping force of the gases were both utilized, 1500 to 1600 rounds a minute might be fired, but at this speed the barrel would be highly heated even if inclosed in a water casing.
 Two interesting photographs of lightning are given in Knowledge. One was taken by F. H. Giew of London with a lens attached to the vibrating hammer of an electric bell, and shows a discharge that was over in about one twentieth of a second, and consisted of three distinct flashes, each lasting about one two-hundredth of a second. The other picture was secured by W. F. Dunn of Newcastle, and is believed by him and his father to be a photograph of ball lightning.
Macadamized Roads.
 The ideal country road is the macadam. The first cost is heavy, but the roadbed can be kept in repair at small expense, and ultimately saves to those who use it far more than its cost.
 The usual method of laying a macadam road is as follows: First, a layer of three to six inches of broken stone, about the size of one's fist, to be put upon the graded roadbed of dry weather. After consolidation add successive layers until the desired thickness has been obtained, all the layers except the first to be put down in wet weather or saturated with water and rolled.
 Macadam's custom was to put three layers of broken stone to secure a depth of nine to ten inches. The cost of the construction varies greatly according to the material used, distance of transportation and manner of putting down. A part of Randolph street was macadamized last year, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press, and it furnishes a test of the cost of such work in this vicinity. After the road, bed had been put in the proper shape a course of broken limestone about eight inches thick was laid and solidly packed by sledging. On the top of this was a course of finer stone, none larger than two inches in its largest dimensions, of about four inches thick, was laid and thoroughly rolled with a fifteen-ton roller.
 The top layer was kept sprinkled while being rolled, and it was rolled a second time. A thin layer of gravel or very fine stone was put over the top to act as a binding material. Limestone was used, although it is a little too soft to make the best road-way, because of the crumbling or wearing away. The cost was about \$4.00 a mile.
The Lightest Metal.
 "Some people seem to think that aluminum is the lightest metal in the world," said a gentleman who deals in all the fancy articles now made of that commodity, "but that is a mistake. The specific weight of magnesium is only one-third of that of aluminum, and is even more hard and durable. It is not as useful, however, as it catches fire very easily, even at the open hearth. It is not destined to crowd the popularity of aluminum, although up to a short time ago it was even the cheaper of the two." —[Cincinnati Commercial.]

A Similarity.
 Ethel—You remind me of my piano lamp.
 Stalate—How so?
 Ethel—No matter how much it is turned down, it doesn't go out.